

CRAPAUD CHRONICLE EXTRA

The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

The 7th Bi-Annual
Guernsey Hash House Harriers & Harriettes



Mud'n'Fun

~ 2014 ~

Incorporating the "Donkeys" Alternative UK Inter-Hash Weekend
- 'The UK's Hainan', courtesy of Agent Orange -

Our Delegates: Tinky Winky, Gigolo, Frisco, Molehills, Commando, 'Prof.' McKinky & Jumper

Friday 14th February: Despite hurricane force gales sweeping the Islands our advance party managed to find a window, landing sideways at Guernsey Airport. We realised Gigolo was causing the back-draught. Later departee Commando was unlucky being stranded in Jersey overnight. Frisco was in trouble having conned Commando into making & bringing his red dress for the evening but not to worry he improvised red pants out of a Waitrose plastic carrier bag. It was a tight fit! We were missing 17odd UK Hashers who spent day airborne shuttling around UK airports without ever landing on Guernsey. **Red Dress run:** Drinking started in our base at Wayside Cheer Hotel then we got blown around the corner two minutes into next bar for more imbibing. We like this kind of short Run! The next leg was rather longer but with strong winds blowing up our jackstays (Gigolo!) running was not too difficult. Frisco hit the dance floor getting stuck into a Guernsey Harriette. Gigolo showed us what he is made of, or was the wind still blowing? Jumper displayed a fine pair of... Legs waving them all around the Harriers. We finished in local "Rovers" Football Club with a flooded pitch who served up bloody awful burgers. Good job beer was better than their burgers...



Frisky Frisco!



Leggy Jumper



Red Tiger with Wind Problem? Or Gigolo Hanging Out?



Spot the Red Carrier Bag Pants ...



1 - Gobbler's Pre-Start Anxiety ...



2 - Team Flipper!

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All the Action Shots
Courtesy of Jumpers Head Cam
Clockwise from Top Left
(Concludes on Back Page)



3 - Superman, Batman & their Robins



4 - Decontamination Team



14 - Molehills got his Leg In..err !

Saturday 15th February: Bedroom Mania set in last night. Gigolo's bed-mate Digger stacked his room full of the hotels cast-offs which had to be dismantled before finding any bed! There was plenty of time to enjoy the hearty English breakfast and welcome Commando who made it over in time with some UK delegates whom arrived paddling their canoes. Floods, they moaned, you've never seen deep Floods over here! They spoke too soon not yet having experienced deep ditches in Donkey land, whose watery depths delights awaited our toes. We also caught up with Gobbler again with her Guernsey Girls who had planned a surprise for the main event, but more about that later. Molehills began serious preparations for the Main Event getting more Beer ordered from the Bar. Mud-n-Fun veterans Molehills & Gigolo got even more serious starting a strange bondage ritual strapping Duck Tape around

their feet. Ensures your trainers don't fall off they proclaimed, with several more Hashers joining into with the bondage ritual. Digger went over the top trying to wrap up Tinky Winky in Duck Tape but no match he broke out of his bonds... **Mud-n-Fun Run:** The coaches arrived for delivering the Pack of 35-odd Hashers to their doom. Except Frisco he was as usual missing, Molehills extracting him from the Bar just in time. We arrived in plenty of time for a few more Bevvies at the Bar. Gobbler had her inflatable armbands and Flipper for extra buoyancy. The Pack of 400 gullible athletes warmed up with community signing, then off on quick lap around football pitch & into muddy meadows. The trick is keeping in front arriving at first ditch before queue builds, which Team Crapaud managed quite well. To catch the unwary there were muddy, watery traps galore. Swamps; sudden sunken drops; submerged tree



5 - The Pack about to take the Plunge



13 - Flipper Heck! Where's me Armband Gone?



12 - Jumper loves this Ditch Life ?



6 - Singing "You'll never ~~Run~~ Swim Alone!"



7 - Pack heads Orff into unknown



11- Gawd, into the Swamp !!



10 - Escape!



8 - Early Obstacle - Net Crawl



9 - Crapaud GM out in front (not for long!)



15 – *Flooded Meadow*



16 – *Gigolo carried his Beer Can*



17 – *No Beer Can? Drank en-Route!*



18 – *Get Under that Bridge!*



19 – *Reed Bed Hasher-way*



20 – *The Final, final Ditch!*



21 – *Black Tunnel Crawl!*



22 – *Muddy Winky*



23 – *Commando's Hip Tattoo!*

roots, jagged rocks and uneven bottoms. Hidden dangers lurked unseen in the muddy waters. Either the Donkeys removed a bridge across ditch in one flooded meadow or they dug a moat, into which we plunged up to our necks. The Reed-Bed section definitely had seen a JCB at work. Gigolo carried his Beer Can for most of the trail but temptation became too strong and he drank it en-route. Finally we emerged out of the deepest, muddiest ditch coated in black slime to face the electric wire crawl, two water filled skips, a stack of tyres then the ultimate horror. Black tunnel crawl for the final push, risking accidentally sticking your nose up arse of the runner in front. What pleasure that was – not. As we emerged from the dark & dank polythene the heavens opened for first time on the Run, but we were now so cold it felt like a warm Caribbean shower! Soaked and sodden we retired back to the bar where Commando celebrated by getting her hip tattooed. Much, much later after getting back to the Hotel we all celebrated with a marvellous buffet and disco. One UK Hasher celebrated too much with two hot Lithuanian girls ending up with him being banned from the Bar.

Sunday 16th February: In stark contrast to yesterdays exertions we enjoyed a lovely relaxing Trail around nether regions of Saumerez Park and western Guernsey. But the Guernsey Hashers don't lay Hold Checks, nor anything else bringing Pack back together, so it became a stampede back to the "Rovers" for a final Beer or three before we adjourned to the Hotel for Sunday Lunch and our flights back home... **On On**